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CONTENTS OF No. 7.

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AB-O'-TH'-YATE

AT

HOLLINGWORTH LAKE,

BY AB HISSEL'.

The Bitterness of Death.

BY ALEXANDER HUME.

CHAPTER III.

HOW I GOT A WIFE,

BY OUR COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT.

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BY A MANCHESTER PILGRIM.

THE POOR MAN'S DARLING,

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

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[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

CHARLES READE.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

Such is the title of a story now running through the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*. That story is about a skilled workman who loves above him, and has a hard battle to rise in the world and win his sweetheart. In this noble struggle he is so unfortunate as to come into collision with certain Trades' Unions, in that populous district of England where the Unions prefer crime to defeat.

Thus the Story treats the great question of the day, and handles it pretty fairly. The writer is neither a manufacturer nor a workman, and has no prejudice in the matter, but sees the virtues and the faults of both, and what he sees he says.

To save this subject from unworthy treatment on the stage, the author has dramatised his own work, and the drama will shortly be produced in London and played by an admirable company selected from various first-class theatres to do justice to a theme so important and so real.

May the 28th.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

A drama in four acts, by the author of the drama *It's never too late to mend*, will be represented at the Theatre Royal Adelphi.

May the 23rd.

Put yourself in his Place, by the author of the novel *It's never too late to mend*, will be published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, complete in 3 volumes, and can be ordered in advance at any respectable library throughout the kingdom.

THE curiosity of literature with which we have commenced this biography is in its way unique, and it is only by understanding it that the reader will fully comprehend the marvellously vigorous novelist who wrote it. It sounds like a puff, but it is not so. It looks like an arrogant piece of self-assertion, of which, by the way, strange as it may seem, Charles Reade would not be guilty—not even in spite of those italics, "to save this subject from unworthy treatment." And as this announcement was stuck upon one of the *affiche* boards of the Adelphi Theatre, the last paragraph looked uncommonly like a Moses-like advertisement of a new pair of trousers; and the suggestion that it could "be ordered in advance at any respectable library in the kingdom"—what book cannot?—seems to be the merest bit of buncombe advertising that could possibly be indulged in. What Mr. Charles Reade does intend to say—and we hold that he is a man of true genius, and has the modesty of true genius—is, that he has written a very powerful, very earnest, and very honest novel; that he believes that it treats of the most vital question of the day; that while it does so with the interest of a fiction, it also does so with the clearness of a statesman suggesting a remedy for a terrible national disease. He intends, further, to let the public know that having written a good novel, he intends to sell it; that a man of letters, although a thousand times a more valuable man, and a much rarer production, has the right of making money by his talent, equally with the butterman, the iron factor, or the speculator in the stocks. That the Public believes in tall-talk advertisement and brag, and that it must be hit full in the face before it is awakened. In this age of competition Mr. Reade believes that the silent man has no notice taken of him. It is no use crying fresh herrings in a whisper, and being so proud as to "thank God nobody hears you." You must not be ashamed of your *métier*. If you write a story of the day, you must make it bear upon the day in the heaviest possible way. You must circulate widely, and hit the public as hard as you can.

But the author of *Put Yourself in his Place*, which golden maxim we have been following as we write, while he enters with full vigour into all we have previously said, really, and with good cause believes in his own genius, and is bold enough to say so. Take for instance his motto to his last book:—"I will frame a work of fiction upon notorious fact, so that anybody shall think he can do the same; shall labour and toil attempting to do the same, and fail;—such is the power of sequence and connection in writing."—*Horace: Art of Poetry.*

And very readily and generously does the public accept the writings of this generous, impulsive egotist, which designation must be understood in an entirely good sense. Mr. Reade believes thoroughly in himself. He has no doubt as to his vocation, and whatever he finds to do that he does with all his might. The faults that he has are not the faults of this generation. He does not doubt and hesitate; he is not feminine, except from the surplusage of his manliness; he does not despise the means by which he makes money; he is no trimmer; he believes in goodness, and yet knows what wickedness is; he is entirely human, and yet in his aspirations far in advance of the ruck and vulgar herd of humanity. He is *sui generis*; he has formed a school of his own, in which he has no pupil. His career has not been a very rapid one, nor are his works, which are so very easy to read and in which one has such a rapid interest, at all easy to write. He does not produce quickly, but what he gives us are so finished and so natural that they look as if they were done without any trouble.

Mr. or rather Dr. Reade, for he is D.C.L., is the son of the late John Reade, of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire. He was educated at Magdalen College and graduated B.A. in 1835, having been born in 1814. He studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1843; but literary barristers seldom practice, and indeed literature is so jealous a mistress that she will allow of no other service—at least in most instances. In the year 1852 a little work, half dramatic, and served up afterwards in a dramatic form, was presented to the public, called *Peg Woffington*, founded on the story of that generous but semi-virtuous actress. This had at once a great success, and deserved it. In 1853 another novel, also in post octavo, 10s. 6d., was published by Mr. Bentley, called *Christie Johnstone*, and this, too, made a hit. In a short time there followed upon this a very pretty story of a bloomer, called, *The Course of True Love never did run Smooth*; then *Jack of all Trades* (the autobiography of a thief); then, in or about the years '55 and '56, Mr. Reade wrote for the *London Journal* a capital story called *White Lies*, and it says much for the despised readers of that journal that they, most of them, recognised its extreme cleverness, while, when published by Mr. Trübner in 1857, in three volumes, it did not attract the public of Mudie's and the libraries in an equal degree, nor according to its deserts.

In the year 1856 Mr. Reade published a work which had a highly moral and politico-social aim—that of calling attention to the condition of our prisons, and also to the far more important, because eternal truth, that

> Men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

The name of this was—*It is Never too late to Mend*, and it created a sensation indeed. The cruelties practised in gaols were looked into; a governor of a goal removed and suspended, and various new brooms were set in work through the vigour of this *exposé*, *It is Never too late to Mend*, may be taken as Charles Reade's typical work. The writing was so strong that it was painfully vivid; it was as true as lightning, but it hurt your eyes, and it hurt especially those lazy sensitive men who feel for and yet never help the poor, and who try to believe that our humane system is all *couleur de rose*. This was so much the case that Mr. Reade was bullied and scolded in a most amusing way by the old termagants of the press; they scolded like fish-fags, but the author little recked for their scolding. The fun of this thing, and to a properly satirical person it is very funny, consists in both persons meaning the same thing, and neither being able to convince the other of that not unimportant fact. When, after the lapse of some time, the death of the offending governor of the gaol, and the cleansing to some extent of our prison system, *Never too late to Mend* was produced at the Princess's theatre, an old critic and dramatist, Mr. Tomlins, who is since dead, and who never rose to a position of weight or of eminence in literature, arose on the first night and protested, with his back to the terrible scenes, against the cruelty and exaggeration of the play. There was quite a row in the house, and the author, we believe, attempted to address the audience from the private boxes. Then in the papers there was, first, Mr. Tomlins' criticism and Mr. Reade's indignant protest that he spoke the truth; then came Tomlins' denial, and as both authors were exceedingly impulsive and vivid, they emptied the slang dictionary with immense vigour upon each other's heads, greatly to the amusement of the public and to the beneficial advertisement of the play. Both meant well; both were for serving truth

honestly, but each was so *entêté* that he scorned to listen to the other.

The next novels that we had from Mr. Reade were *Love me little, love me long; The Cloister and the Hearth*, an ambitious work in four volumes; *Hard Cash*, written for Charles Dickens's weekly magazine, just as the *Cloister and the Hearth* was written for *Once a Week* under the name of *A Hard Fight*. Next to this succeeded *Griffith Gaunt*, written for a magazine under the stupid name of *The Argosy*, and then one of the very best of his stories, the plot of which was furnished him by Mr. Boucicault, called *Foul Play*, which appeared in *Once a Week;* and next and last this admirable, vivid, and over-head-and-heels work *Put yourself in his Place*, which has been for some months running through the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Mr. Charles Reade has also written some very successful plays, *Masks and Faces*, &c., and has worked in conjunction with Mr. Tom Taylor as a dramatist. Whatsoever he does he does most earnestly. He is no half-hearted workman; and he knows his own ability as a literary artist so well that he always succeeds.

Charles Reade is as an author very well worth studying. He is so thorough in what he does, so determined and so intense that he falls into exaggeration, and yet it is doubtful whether he over-paints the truth. It is the languid age that is in fault and *not* the vivid author. In his last work he has described the effects of Unions in the Sheffield trades, and he has not gone one bit out of the record of that terrible commission which sat and revealed to us exactly how matters stood. So great an artist is this writer that one feels towards the murderer by deputy, Mr. Grotait, a kind of sympathy just as Shakspere makes you feel a human heart beating even in Iago or Richard III. Grotait is of course drawn from the life; he is none other than our friend Mr. Broadhead, who, somehow, in spite of the commission, and in spite of the forcible articles of the press, and in spite of Mr. Roebuck, to whose courage Charles Reade bears a generous and well-merited tribute, carries with him the sympathy of hundreds of working men. Add to this effect of exaggeration, moderated by dramatic truth, this author has an overheat and vigorous fertility in his invention that requires to be moderated, and a determination to paint so exactly what he feels that people turn away from the sight in terror, fright, or disgust. He has quoted the *Ars Poetica;* let us offer him two or three lines which warn an artist not to shew too much to the public "let not Medea murder her sons before the public" says Flaccus.

> Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
> Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus,
> Aut in avem Procne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
> Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, *incredulus odi*.

And in those two last words, or rather in the last line, is the secret of the enmity of a great part of the press for Charles Reade. Even critics cannot appreciate what they cannot understand. Not only is Charles Reade true, but he is too true. His reality is beyond realism. Compare Charles Dickens and his pantomimic touch with Charles Reade, and you will see how infinitely superior the latter is as an artist. Take, for instance, those two sailors in *Foul Play*, which are as true to life as anything drawn by the great masters, Fielding, Smollett, or Sterne, and put them side by side with any of the minor characters of Charles Dickens. Those sailors will "stand out" all alive, while Dickens's work will look faint, sketchy, unreal, comical, and yet caricatured and pantomimic. Take, too, as a direct proof of masterdom in art the creation of female character. Compare Charles Reade's women with the Charles Dickens' pretty little marionette company of rag dolls beautifully painted to the life.

Finally there are two matters to remark. Reade has quarrelled with the press and has set it at defiance; he does his own plays that they may not be *unworthily* treated; he insults and contemns the critics. The result is that, on the whole, he is perhaps better treated than any other writer. At anyrate, there is from this, this lesson to be learnt,—either the press is very generous, or it is very powerless. When an author is strong enough to trust himself, and he *is* strong enough when he thoroughly believes in himself, he can walk alone without criticism. The opinions of a few weaker professional brethren are nothing to him. It is the public who appraises *his* value.

Secondly, there is this last remark which shapes itself into a congratulation both to the author under review and the public. It is a matter of honest exultation to reflect that one whose impulses are so true and so noble, who loves what is good, thorough, and laborious, hates what is effeminate, weak, and mean, is so popular and so well appreciated. We are delighted when Reade begins a new story: we know it will be angular and singular, but that it will be bold and true. In circumstances of great danger, his latest hero, Henry Little, gives a toast, "Here is quick exposure, sudden death, and sure damnation—to all hypocrites, thieves and assassins." It is just what Charles Reade would do before the most bloodthirsty critics. His motto should be "Quod vult valde vult." May he live long to teach us!

HOW TO GET ON.

III.—AS A RITUALISTIC PARSON.

IF you imagine yourself better suited for the Ritualistic line of clerical business, your *modus operandi* will differ more from that of an Evangelical aspirant than your intellectual standpoint. Each of you must be cock sure. The Low Churchman veils his despotic claims under the authority of the Bible; the High Churchman parades his sacerdotal pretensions in the garb of "Tradition" and the uses of "the Primitive Church." Neither must admit the smallest doubt of, or deviation from, the orthodox Shibboleth of his party. But there the resemblance ceases. The accidents are all different. So short a time has elapsed since the rise of Ritualism, that experience teaches us little of the means by which the English Catholic (as he calls himself) can gain substantial advantages in the way of pay or position. But there is no doubt a good time coming for the ultra-Anglican. He must study and conform to the tastes of the most prominent section of the party—that which follows out its ideas with the most minute particularity, and which cares for what, to the profane, seem matters of almost total indifference. It is not enough that he preach "Catholic doctrine" in its entirety; that he devote time and attention to church music and church architecture, so that all things be done decently and in order; that he visit the poor and sick, and perform frequent and beautiful services. He has not the root of the matter in him unless he eagerly interests himself in the cut of a cope or the material of a chasuble. He must have definite opinions upon the authenticity and beauty of "fiddle-backed vestents." He must be prepared to pronounce upon the disputed claims of the Roman and Sarum birettas. You must thoroughly sympathise with the Lincolnshire "priest" who administered the last rites of the Church to a dying brother in orders, "the greatest ritual scholar of our time" in thinking it a touching sight to see his stole laid, *by his order*, over his shoulders at that supreme moment. The Rituale Romanum must be your *vade mecum;* the Sarum Pontifical your continual study, till at last you arrive at the acme of sacerdotal dandyism and become a sort of holy Brummell. There is at this moment an opening for a new paper. The periodicals of your party are loaded with a heterogeneous mass of ill-assorted information. Why should not the vestment department be separately represented in the press? There is room enough, and you might largely improve your temporal prospects by editing or contributing to an ecclestastical *Le Follet*.

The three main divisions in the Church have been aptly summarized as "platitude, latitude, and attitude." To the last you must pay especial regard. In your researches after vestiary truth you may pick up by the way some valuable hints. Old windows and missals, the older the better, will furnish capital types, and at any rate it is not so hard to put yourself in a series of positions utterly angular and thoroughly out of drawing.

The orthodox method of performing the services is not at all difficult to acquire. Of course if you have got a good voice you will make the best of it by intoning; if not you will satisfy all the exigencies of a High ritual by a monotonous gabble.

You will take every opportunity in your sermons and conversation of marking your repugnance to your "Protestant" fellow churchmen, by adopting the most fraternal tone to your brethren of "the great Roman obedience." Your doctrine, of course, is an assimilation to theirs, and it is easy to avoid preaching or doing anything which will bring you under the unfavourable notice of the Privy Council. But the nearer the wind you go the better, and if you do get just over the line, the sympathy of your adherents will receive you, if not into everlasting,

at all events into a more secure habitation. It may prove well worth your while to make a martyr of yourself for an illegal genuflexion, or a candle lighted by day. If, however, you have not nerve enough to encounter a prosecution, you may do any amount of Romanising within the law of the church. You cannot preach or practice what is called "Mariolatry," but you may safely insert in the *Church Times* an advertisement to the following effect:—"A Mary window, St. Aidan's, Salford. The vicar's youngest daughter, Mary, is very anxious to have a window placed in the apse of this beautiful church to the honour of Blessed Mary. She earnestly asks all the Maries to help her, either by a small or a large donation. Address," &c. That is safe at all events. Besides, you can diversify your sermons with narratives, apochryphal or otherwise, of Saints not known in the English Liturgy. You can reproduce the mediæval devices of "The Way of the Cross," or "The Three Hours' Agony." or hurry through the streets with a brace of acolytes, all of you in full panoply, bearing the Eucharist to some dying man with the maximum of ostentation.

You need not fear to hurt the reverence of your followers by the application of ornamentation to objects which they regard with the highest veneration. You may get your altar bread, for solemn consecration, "stamped with ecclesiastical devices or in plain circles." It is not among the Low Church men to whom the elements are but a symbol, that a demand for such articles is to be found, but among the sacramentalists, and in their chosen organ the advertisement may be read which proves the existence of that demand.

Hoops for the communicants, shaped so as to make the dress sit gracefully on the kneeling figure, is the latest development of fashion in the United States. Why should the penitent be smarter than the priest? Why should not the altar throw its broad ægis over a sanctified crinoline?

You may certainly go the whole hog in decoration without disgusting your party. Ritualism is a protest against the slovenliness of many modern services, and also against the unloveliness of Geneva gowns and congregational howling. It is the natural reaction from the tyranny of stove-pipe hats and dress coats. But it also strikes a responsive chord in the heart of lovely woman. It reflects her love of show and dress, which Puritanism despises and denounces, and establishes a bond of sympathy between her and her spiritual adviser. Another want of human nature is satisfied by your "processions." There is a charm in Homer's catalogue of ships, and an attraction in a procession of Odd-Fellows; therefore "process" upon every possible occasion. Besides, it suits your theories. Anything in the shape and semblance of "drill" presupposes the presence of authority. To divide the sexes in church, to bring time and rhythm into greater prominence than melody, each in its way represents the repression of nature and spontaneity, and the substitution of rule and plummet. Claim all obedience, and you will get much.

It cannot be said that, except in consciousness of the possession of power, you have open to you as great a field as your Evangelical contemporary. But surely the movement is progressing, and the good livings will not all belong to Low, Broad, or Moderate patrons. No doubt you will have to work harder among your congregation than an Evangelical minister, and you must perform thrice as many services, but you certainly need less brains.

THE OAKS.

In consequence of the surprising result of this race at Epsom last week, when Gamos, who had been distanced a few days previously at Bath, won in a canter, we understand that it is in contemplation to rename the race and call it "The Hoax."

SHAKESPERE AND MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.—Mr. J. O. Halliwell believes that the Middle Temple Hall is the only building in London now standing in which a play of Shakespere's was represented during the author's life-time. He suggests that probably the archives of the Middle Temple would supply the names of the plays performed there in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and especially in February, 1602, when it is known that *Twelfth Night* formed part of the entertainments.

PRETTY MISS FURTADO.

He're's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty pickle!
The bard who in these columns sings
Is in a state of stickle.
He wants to lay his body down,
And soda-water sup;
He wants, that he may get to town,
To keep his body up.
Pity the poor bard, oh!
It's very, very hard, oh!
He wants to lay him down,
And yet see Miss Furtado—
Pretty Miss Furtado—
Who hasn't often starred, oh,
In Manchester the brown.

The weather is so very hot,
He hasn't strength or spirit got,
Except to lay him down.
The actress is so very nice,
He can't enjoy his Schweppe's and ice,
Except he goes to town.
He wants toward Peter Street to roam,
And yet he wants to stop at home.
Now, isn't it very hard, oh?
Pity the poor bard, oh,
Who wants to lay him down,
And yet see Miss Furtado—
Pretty Miss Furtado—
Who hasn't often starred, oh,
In Manchester the brown.

I hope the puzzling state of things
Is evident to you,
The bard who in these columns sings
Has got himself into.
Oh, what, please, is the bard to do
Who in these columns sings?
Who'll tell him how he may do two
Contemporaneous things?
It's very, very hard, oh!
Who will tell the bard, oh,
How he may lay him down,
And yet see Miss Furtado—
Pretty Miss Furtado—
Who hasn't often starred, oh,
In Manchester the brown?

The weather is, as he has said,
Above a trifle tropic,
But not so hot as is his head
With dwelling on this topic.
His heart and head are on the rack,
To see the prompter's daughter,
And yet to lie upon his back
And swallow soda water.
A thought just strikes the bard, oh!
It's not so very hard, oh!
He both will lay him down,
And yet see Miss Furtado—
Pretty Miss Furtado—
Who hasn't often starred, oh,
In Manchester the brown.

The drama is not played till eve:
The evening may be colder:
His Schweppe's and ice he needn't leave,
Until the day is older.
And p'raps six hours or so of Schweppe's,
Consumed in his pagoda,

Just opposite the garden steps,
Will sate the bard with soda.
Bravado! Bravado!
That'll suit the bard, oh!
He'll go and lay him down;
And then see Miss Furtado—
Pretty Miss Furtado—
Who hasn't often starred, oh,
In Manchester the brown.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

"BLACKWOOD" AND "LOTHAIR."

THE savagely sarcastic review of Mr. Disraeli's *Lothair* in the new number of *Blackwood's Magazine* has created a strange sensation in literary and political circles. It is hard to say what it portends in a party sense, but the fact that *Blackwood* has now joined the *Quarterly Review* in avowed opposition to the leader of the Conservatives, whose organs they profess to be, is clearly significant of some impending change in the Tory ranks, or of a latent yet powerful hostility which must ere long break out into open rebellion. As a literary production, the article, at the outset, keeps within the bounds of legitimate criticism, though the critic's pen has seldom of late years assumed so bludgeon-like a form. As he proceeds, however, the writer descends to personalities and allusions that are utterly unjustifiable, and when he hints that Mr. Disraeli considers himself the long-promised Messiah of the Jews he outrages every recognised canon of literary warfare. He strikes below the belt. The review has been attributed to several well-known authors; but we are given to understand, upon excellent authority, that the writer is Colonel E. Bruce Hamley, the author of *Lady Lee's Widowhood*, a novel which originally appeared in *Blackwood*, and of *The Story of the Sebastopol Campaign*, a book written in the camp during the Crimean war. Colonel Hamley was professor of military history and art at the Staff College, and since the appearance of the article it has been currently reported that he is likely to be appointed chief of that institution.

A "LEADER" ON ECONOMY.

Last week we embellished our pages with a neat quotation from the leading columns of the *Courier*. This week we will adorn them with a cutting from the leading article of the *Examiner's*, of Friday last. The article was on the policy of economy pursued by the present government. After speaking of the cutting down of wasteful expenditure, the article proceeds:—"This necessary but uncongenial task has lately been performed with distinguished success by a gentleman whose name, we may add, it would be a needless waste of words to mention." The gentleman, "whose name it would be a needless waste of words to mention," is Mr. Baxter, whom, the reader will perceive, two short words, containing both together only eight letters, would have indicated. To avoid this wasteful expenditure of two words and eight letters, the *Examiner* makes use of seventeen words and six and sixty letters. If this is the idea of economy possessed by the gentleman who wrote the sentence under criticism, we congratulate the nation on the fact that he has not the management of its finances.

MR. COUNCILLOR WALKER ON SPEECH-MAKING.

Mr. Councillor Walker is either a very simple gentleman or a very scathing satirist. "You must not make another speech," said the Town-clerk. (He was not addressing a dog, but one of his employers). "No," said Mr. Walker, "I will not make a speech. I will not make any observations except to the point." This is really the best definition of an ordinary speech that we have ever heard. A speech, according to Mr. Councillor Walker, is a series of observations that have nothing to do with the matter under discussion. We did not know we had a Rochefoucault in the City Council. We trust that Mr. Mercier will be at once commissioned to paint a picture of Mr. Councillor Walker in the act of enunciating this sententious saw. It is the lot of few to give forth utterances that will never die. It is the lot of fewer still to give forth utterances that never ought to. Let us have a picture of him, and a statue of him, without delay—his lips apart, as saying those memorable words, "I will not make a speech. I will not make any observations except to the point." Mr. Alderman Heywood, cowering in a corner of the picture, would give point and local colour to the subject.

"ARRAH-NA-POGUE" AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

Mr. Boucicault has written nothing better than *Arrah-na-Pogue*. After seeing it, one wonders why the author ever voluntarily wandered, as a literary artist, from that Irish soil which seems so congenial to him, to the dreary vapid sensationalisms of the *Streets of London* or *After Dark*. Grant that there are improbabilities in *Arrah-na-Pogue*—as, for instance, in the introduction of an excited group of peasants at a court-martial—still they are not beyond the limits of poetic or rather dramatic licence; and the plot itself, which tells the story of an Irish peasant's devotion to his sweetheart, is constructed with rare skill and a most admirable and truthful blending of humour and pathos. Altogether, it is a very interesting and wholesome drama, and embodies in a natural way some of the finest characteristics of Irish peasant life. For the first time since their appearance in Manchester, the company have a drama to perform which is worthy of their powers. Mr. John Reynolds as Shaun-the-Post, the part originally undertaken by Mr. Boucicault himself—was simply faultless; so good, in fact, that to call it acting is to use a misnomer. It was the reality itself. Scarcely less admirable was Mr. John Murray's impersonation of Michael Feeney, "the process-server, informer, and spy." The execration with which the audience followed his intrigues and the delight which his frequent defeats and final discomfiture excited, were the best possible tributes that could be paid to the truth of Mr. Murray's impersonation. Miss Rose Leclercq as Arrah-na-Pogue performed with her customary power and pathos, and Mr. Rignold and the other members of the company sustained the high character for ability which we have previously awarded to it. The play was acted on Monday night before the smallest audience which it has ever been our lot to see in the Prince's Theatre. This is to be regretted, but after the *Streets of London* what can the management expect?

MR. "PROMPTER'S BOX" AT THE ROYAL.

Mr. Byron's *Prompter's Box*—a prolix play, not bad upon the whole, and in some parts amusing—has been played at the Theatre Royal this week by Mr. Byron, Mr. Webster, and Miss Furtado. We are charmed to have one of the very nicest, simplest, homeliest, sweetest faces on the stage, in Manchester again, if only for a week. Some faces are handsome, some beautiful, some pretty. Miss Furtado's is exactly fitted by the ladies' epithet of "sweetly pretty." Mr. Byron's is an entertaining but too amateurish rendering of Fitzaltamount, tragedian. We regret we cannot find sufficient striking merit in Mr. Webster's portraiture of the old prompter, who never prompts, to set against his painfully slow, jumping utterance. The most amusing parts of this piece are precisely those professional scenes which London criticism thought too technical to interest the public.

ART AND CRITICISM AT PEEL PARK.

As usual at Whitsuntide, all the Manchester and Salford newspapers have published descriptive notices of Peel Park, its picture-gallery and museum. To the picture-gallery the chief acquisition since last year is stated to be Herbert's Assertion of Liberty of Conscience. There is a similarity in the eulogies bestowed upon this work which is somewhat suspicious, and the phrases used are so nearly identical that we are almost driven to the ridiculous conclusion that one person is the author of all of them. Directly or by inference the most extravagant praise is lavished upon the picture. A Salford paper classes it among "works of a high class of art;" the *Manchester Examiner* includes it among "the important pictures" with which, according to its account, "the gallery has been enriched;" the *Courier* and the *City News* apply to it the words "rare and valuable." Now, it is almost certain that none of these "authorities" have *seen* the work. Assuredly it does not deserve any one of these epithets, and, in bestowing them, our local papers are doing harm to art, and no good whatever to the visitors to

the gallery for whom the descriptions are written. As we remarked of the picture a week or two ago, it is clever and reasonably innocuous, but it possesses none of the higher qualities of art, and has not a single quality calculated to elevate the popular taste. As for the price, £400, we regard it as a most indefensible expenditure of the ratepayers' money on the part of the Salford Council.

MR. E. BURNE JONES.

We understand that Mr. E. Burne Jones has resigned his membership of the Old Water Colour Society. This secession of one of our finest living colourists—some think our finest, beyond dispute—has been caused by the withdrawal from the Society's walls of Mr. Jones's picture of Phyllis and Demophoon, after the opening of the Exhibition; and, strange to say, the Society was instigated to this action by that "solicitous guardian of public decency," the *Daily Telegraph*, whose moral scruples, forsooth, were offended by this very noble work. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the Society will suffer by this discreditable proceeding more than Mr. Burne Jones; but if anything can add to the indignation which such an incident is sure to excite, it is that a paper like the *Daily Telegraph*, probably the lowest type of journalism in this country, should be permitted to influence the proceedings of any body of men who pretend to be governed by good sense, honourable motives, or regard for the decencies of daily life.

THE TRACT IMPERTINENCE.

A letter in last Tuesday's papers narrates how, after a recent marriage at a Unitarian Chapel, the registrar distributed amongst the "relatives and friends" a number of Trinitarian tracts. This is the latest phase of the tract nuisance. It proves that people can get drunk on other things than wine, and that they may become so religiously intoxicated as to lose all consciousness of decency. We always knew that these tract-mongers were devoid of every kind of scrupulousness; but it is not often that we find a public functionary deliberately making use of his public position to propagate his private views. We hope that the "relatives and friends" presented to their benefactor, in return for his tracts, a small portion of their minds; and that the Registrar-General will, in due course and formally, express his appreciation of the manner in which his subordinate performs his duty. If it so happens that any of the "relatives and friends" have ever been engaged in tract-distributing upon their own account, the incident is opportune; as it will tend to show them how what is by some considered a virtue and a piety is really an impudence and an impropriety. Connected with this incident is a great mystery. The letter which narrates it exposes a substantial grievance—is but seven lines long—is written with particularity of time and place—contains not one word too much or too little—tells its tale, and then concludes at once with a real signature—is, in effect, a very model of a letter to the papers. Under these circumstances, how on earth has it procured insertion in the *Guardian?*

DEFECTS OF THE SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPHINX."

SIR,—As a member of the Sanitary Association, I thank you for your remarks in last week's *Sphinx*. You have hit some of the right nails on the head, at the same time driving them well home. At present there is indeed no concerted or united action on the part of the Association, nor is such action possible under the existing regime. The management of the society is practically in the hands of a committee. This committee meets at a most awkward hour, viz., 4-15 p.m., on certain Fridays, and, as a rule, at no two meetings is it composed of the same members. The consequence is that the resolutions it has passed, and then passed over, must have contributed no little towards the paving of Hades. Then, again, the society is too exclusive, and only admits members at an annual meeting. Thus, however poor the society may be, this source of income and of life is cut off. Take, again, the statistical department. The tables issued weekly cost much, but are of no practical use. Very few can possibly understand them. Unless the Association renews its life a little, and with all its faults *servat aliquid pristini roboris*, it must speedily become defunct. From being an authoritative body it has sunk to be called "The Old Woman's Association." At the annual meeting one of the speakers boldly told it that it does not speak its mind, even after it had investigated difficult social sanitary subjects. Nobody explained the curious omission of all reference to a certain social problem now prominently before the country; nor did any one reply to the same speaker's charge of eliminating the paragraph which, in the "proof," stood at the head of the Association's annual report. If, sir, you can persuade the Society to remodel itself on the plan of the Literary and Philosophical Society, that is, let its works become public, you will confer a boon on Manchester and Salford. The Society is much needed, and there is plenty of work ready cut out for it. Let the committee meetings be abolished, and let monthly meetings of members take their place. If this course had been adopted last year, some £100 spent in foolish printing would have been in the Association's pocket. The founder, or one of the founders, of the Society, has urged radical reform. Do you, sir, let them have no peace till they grant it.—Yours respectfully,

A MEMBER.

HOW THEY MANAGE MATTERS IN SALFORD.

WE had no space last week to give to a most amusing discussion which occurred in the Salford Town Council about the visit of the Water Committee to Woodhead, but it was a discussion so redolent of municipal character in all its varied shades that it must not be permitted to die. A frugal councillor of the name of Mottram originated the controversy; he appeared to consider it a dissolute transaction that two omnibus loads of councillors should gallivant away to Woodhead and enjoy themselves at the expense of the ratepayers. Unlike the person who had been there and still would go, Mr. Mottram's experience led him to believe that he could not conscientiously repeat the experiment. The previous visit to Woodhead at which Mr. Mottram had "assisted," had, in his view, resulted in so little practical benefit to the ratepayers, that they might as well have thrown £46 1s. 1d., the cost of the trip, into the Irwell. He considered the whole affair a "regular jollification" and consequently municipally irregular. An anchorite and ascetic of the name of Dyson seconded Mr. Mottram's proposition that the proceedings of the Water Committee be disapproved, and this hydrophobic side of the question was taken up by Mr. Wood, and also by Mr. Mc.Kerrow, who, for the first time in his life, displayed a repugnance to the sight of a large expanse of water unusual, to say the least of it, for an eminent abstainer like himself. It is indeed so rare to find municipal bodies rushing down a steep place into or towards the water that we deeply regret Mr. M'Kerrow's scruples in this instance. Perhaps, however, he knew that though you may get a Town Councillor to the cistern, you cannot make him drink, or even wash himself. If the £46 1s. 1d. had been thrown into the Woodhead reservoirs instead of into the Irwell, as Mr. Mottram suggested, no doubt some of the Council would have stripped and dived after the money. In this pastime they might possibly have been joined by the Mayor of Manchester and the Town Clerk, who would afterwards have run up and down amongst the heather to dry themselves.

Woodhead appears to be quite the favourite recreation ground of our municipal bodies, and it is given out that a casual survey of the water-shed of those breezy moors is always big with instruction to our civic governors. How the information derivable from the water-works is got at, and what the information is when got at, it would perhaps not be easy to define.

Mr. Farmer, of Salford, did good service, however, by standing up for the ceremony, and we are bound to say that he had the best of the argument. He took up the epicurean side with great gusto, and bowled over the Scribes and Pharisees like wobbling ninepins. He called it a day's pleasure because there was no mistake about it, although pleasure was not the object for which they went? The pleasure was incidental and fortuitous, but none the less delightful on that account. The Water Committee picked up the pleasure as a casual fare that happened to be travelling in the same direction, and they gave it a lift—asked it to jump up behind, and made the most of it. Surely this is as it should be. Mr. Farmer said that "although not directly, they were indirectly, interested in the works and the supply of water. There were other

reasons. They met together, exchanged courtesies, sentiments, and kindly feeling; and, as they knew, a house divided against itself cannot stand. Nothing could better soften down the feelings of a man than a good basin of turtle soup."

The easy transition from waterworks to turtle soup brings us at once to the pith of the question. None can doubt that the interchange of courtesies and sentiments is a delightful occupation, and that when this interchange can be effected in the open, after an al fresco fashion, it must have a more permanent influence for good than when working heavily in the atmosphere of the Council Chamber. There may be considerable convenience in having an illimitable moor to disport upon when you are anxious to say to your brother Councillor "you're another," because you can cut and run the moment you have interchanged the courtesy, before the gentleman who is "another" has time to lift his foot in reply. Besides the inculcation of virtue in the abstract must be good for the young grouse who, at this season, are being brought up by the jolly old cocks in the way they should go.

To the uninformed layman there would appear to be little natural connection between the Woodhead Water Works and turtle soup; but then the layman has no business to be uninformed. The punch was skillfully kept in the back-ground by Mr. Farmer—also the champagne—though they are dimly shadowed forth by the allusion of that orator to the inability of any house to stand which is divided against itself. If any member of the Council were for that or any other reason unable to stand, he could always reflect with satisfaction upon the two omnibuses and the eight horses which were at his disposal, and he could insist, if he liked, upon riding in both omnibuses at the same time, or repeating the Ducrowism of a former police magistrate who bestrode one of the leading steeds, and witched the world with noble horsemanship.

Was it not one of Sam Lover's heroes who announced in delightful verse that he was not himself at all? Mr. Farmer parodied that metamorphosis at Woodhead, for he said that "*he was another man altogether when he had finished his dinner.*" We are bound to take his word for it; but what did Mrs. Farmer say to this alteration when he got home? We must ask the Town Clerk if an indictment for bigamy would not lie against the lady in question. It seems to us a grave domestic irregularity that Mrs. Farmer should dismiss her affectionate husband in the morning, and receive "another man" on the return from Woodhead. There is a tinge of topsy-turvied Mormonism in this episode which we hope will be confined exclusively to Salford, and not be permitted to infect the City of Manchester. We are the more earnest in this hope because we learn that it is usually under the influence of turtle soup and reversed Mormonism that the Salford Town Council elect their mayors. Mr. Farmer said "their mayors had been chiefly chosen when they were returning home, and their choice had always been a good one." As the present mayor announced that he was an exception to this rule, the fair inference would be that he was an inferior article—that he was not "a good one;" but there are no rules without exceptions. The idea of electing your mayor in the open air, and upon the top of an omnibus, has a healthiness about it which we could wish pervaded the corporation throughout. If we were called upon to hazard a conjecture as to the mode of election, judging from the Salford death-rate and other unsanitary matters, we should be disposed to think that, instead of electing their mayors in the Derbyshire valleys, they rather held a caucus meeting for that object up to their necks in the Irwell.

Mr. Wood "was extremely sorry to see that their good mayors had been determined upon after wine." Should he not have said after water? Perhaps we may split the difference and say after wine and water. This would make it a negus affair; but negus, though insipid as a drink, will do very well as an argument, and would make Messrs. Mottram and Mc. Kerrow to whine and water for the rest of their days.

EPIGRAM.

FROM MARTIAL.

He unto whom thou art so partial,
Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
The Epigrammatist: while living,
Give him the fame thou would'st be giving;
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it:
Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

THE FREEMASONS AT FALLOWFIELD.

Having heard much talk about the intended function of laying the first stone of the new church of the Holy Innocents at Fallowfield with Masonic ceremonies, we expressed generally our wish to be present at the proceedings. We received several cordial invitations from nobody in particular to attend, and were assured that the affair would be most impressive. Walking therefore up Oxford Road last Saturday afternoon, we reached Rusholme, and at the end of Dickenson Road came upon the head of a procession, or the materials for one, no processing having begun. There was the inevitable military or quasi-military band, with their skimpy tight-fitting jackets and brass instruments of every size and convolution. Their caps, too, were of that rudimentary order, as Professor Huxley would style them, so much affected by soldiers; they seem almost as useful as the latest thing in vogue amongst the ladies. After these dismounted paladins with spurs, came, or rather stood, a few parsons in black gowns and black hats, and then a line of Sunday scholars. The drum now and then gave a sort of invitatory tap, as who should say, come, let's be off; but further up, beyond the tail of the procession, mystic rites were even then going on in the Rusholme Public Hall—rites which no man, except the initiated, could behold and live. The sun beat fiercely on our devoted tile as we halted and surveyed these things, so we sauntered on in what shade we could find.

The nomenclature about this part is confusing. Past the Birch Villainn, as the name appeared in our boyhood, one seemed to leave Rusholme and get either into Platt or Birch, or both; but we never could tell which. Perhaps it depends on which side of the road one takes, for there is Platt Chapel on the right and Birch Church off on the left, and then one gets insensibly, as it were, into Fallowfield. On the left the amazing richness of the soil produces brick walls of stately height, while trees of decent growth, and green, considering the sulphurous air they must often breathe, border the right. Here was the Barnes' home—that is to say, Mr. Barnes's own home—with the open gates guarded by our old friend the Prison Humourist, like a one-headed Cerberus in a white tie and unexceptionable black. Still further, on the left, we see Mr. Waterhouse's former domicile, built to resemble as much as possible a Noah's Ark, and again on the right we come to a field, or what was once a field, alive with spectators and spectatresses. A low hedge separated it from the road, and there was an entrance at the corner at which stood a ticket collector of burley frame and jolly aspect. Not being provided with any ticket we whispered a few soft nothings into his ear and passed on to find a gay parterre of ladies on the right, and past this a large square stone attached to a hoisting apparatus over head. Beyond stood a tent, such as one sees at a flower show, in which a few only as yet were assembled. Somewhere about here stood the old rifle butts. Many a time has the drill instructor, that modern Enfield's speaker, roared out to us here, "as a front rank standing; at two hundred yards,—Ready!" But me no buts has been since then the order of the day,—*arma cedant toga*—the rifle has yielded to the black gown.

While exploring the ground in search of a good seeing-place, we heard the band again, and presently the long-expected procession arrived. After tht band came a long tail of school-children with joints and knots of clergymen here and there, and then a string of choristers in white surplices and black hats! Now, we have no particular admiration for the black gown, and the wearer of it is not much improved in appearance by the addition of the chimney-pot of the period. Some of the parsons tried to modify or mitigate its unbecomingness. For instance, the Rev. Mr. Darby, that former "scourge of Rome," tried the effect of a soft felt or billy-cock hat, and his companion from St. John Baptist's carried it like a martial cloak around him, and mounted a college cap or mortar-board,

Though all too little to atone
For wearing what should ne'er be

worn, we should have thought, by him of all men. After this we shall not be astonished to see Mr. Sedgwick with "bands" or Mr. Bardsley in a chasuble. But a pack of choirmen in black hats marching across a field, with their long surplices fluttering in the wind and disclosing nether garments guiltless of a cossack, do present a somewhat queer spectacle.

After these came the Freemasons, the inferior or minor brethren first, two abreast, and these having arrived at a certain point, halted, and facing one another, formed a lane for their superiors in the rear to pass along. The later arrivals were distinguished by a greater profusion of blue and red silk ornaments—cuffs, collars, ribbons, and medals, or other jewellery,—and then, by way of climax, came a few representatives of the press, without any other adornment than the fire of genius flashing from under the mighty brow! Then more school children streamed and straggled in; and while the masons were massing themselves together, appeared Archdeacon Anson and the rector of Withington, the Venerable and the Strong! They made the best of their way to the tent, and everybody pressed on in the same direction, and, somehow, room was found for all.

The stone was then raised several feet into the air, and the choir sang the hymn (not 271 as printed in the programme, but) 241, from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, to that most beautiful of all chorales, Melcombe. The order of prayers selected for the occasion followed, and then the chief officers among the masons gathered round, and the laying of the stone was proceeded with, all the pomp and circumstance of Masonic ceremony being fully displayed. This is probably the most imposing Masonic rite which the public are permitted to witness, but however they may be impressed by it, the duly instructed member of the craft views or takes part in it, as the case may be, with feelings of another and a higher nature. The details of the ceremony we need not repeat. Besides the ordinary deposit of newspapers and the record of the transaction, the masonic offerings of corn, wine, and oil, were duly made, and the stone sealed, after which eight little girls, clad in white and blue, advanced, and laid floral offerings on the stone, Canon Anson then repeated the church formula of dedication, and after another hymn, and a further prayer, closed the ceremony.

Of course, such an opportunity for a little speechifying could not be lost, and Mr. Strong eulogised Lord Egerton, who had "beheeved with his accustomed liberalitee" in giving the site and £1,000 towards the building, and spoke of the remarkable increase in the population of the neeborhood owing to so much land having come into the building market. Having puffed the Egerton estate, he proceeded to butter the gentle archdeacon, and congratulated him on his elevation to the archdeaconry, and hoped he might remain in the neeborhood many years, unless Her gracious Majestee should, &c., which was drowned in cheers and laughter, and which the reader may guess for himself. The Hon. Mr. Wilbraham Egerton, who was the chief actor in the masonic ceremony, is the eldest son, and of course the heir of Lord Egerton of Tatton. He is a tall, good-looking man, with a light brown beard, and has a clear, pleasant voice, and frank and easy manners. He appeared at the ceremony in a light blue necktie, and light coloured gloves, instead of the regulation articles of that kind; but perhaps they manage these things differently, we will not say better, in Cheshire.

Lastly, we have heard the objection made that masonic clothing should never be worn, or masonic rites performed, in public, and we are disposed to support the objection.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRITY

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[With an abject apology to the shade of Tom Moore, Esq.]

HERON! the dignity shrined in those eyes
What common-councilman rashly defies?
Upsetting vapid themes;
Burking ambitious schemes;
That glance doth Utopian dreams
Quash as they rise.

Heron! thy haughty gaze ne'er shall decrease—
Heron! thy jactant glare never shall cease.—
Now John Prescott Knight
Hath, to our heart's delight,
Painted thy portrait—hight
One master-piece!

SANCHO'S WALLET.

By Edwin Waugh.

THE RULING PASSION.

(In shifting the timber in a wood-yard, a heavy log falls upon the leg of one of the workmen, who is accustomed to betting. The rest of the workmen run to lift the log.)

Prostrate Man.—Howd, lads! Don't touch it yet! *I'll tak two to one my leg's brokken!*

TAG, RAG, AND BOBTAIL.

(A rough country fellow meets a reprobrate acquaintance, who has been suddenly converted at a revival meeting.)

Jem.—(*To the convert.*)—Hello, Sam; is that thee, owd brid? Let's goo an' have a pint somewheer.

Sam.—Nawe. I've done wi' sich like wark as that.

Jem.—What's up.

Sam.—I'm an altered mon.

Jem.—Well; it wur high time, owd lad. Thae's wanted alterin' a good while. Thae looks different, o' somehow.

Sam.—I've been made a new creature.

Jem.—Oh; an' what mak of a craytur arto now, then?

Sam.—I'm a follower of John Wesley.

Jem.—John Wesley, eh? Well, owd lad; o' that I can say is, that if I wur John Wesley, an' I wur to catch thee followin' me, *I'd turn round an' warm thi shins for the!*

GIVE IT A NAME.

A boy or a child, I wonder.—Winter's Tale.

(Jone and Betty, a Moorland hind and his wife, christening their child.

Parson.—What name do you give this child?

Jone.—I've never gan it a thought. Ax our Betty!—(To Betty!)—Doasto yer, lass! He wants to know what it's to be co'de?

Betty.—Nay; I know no names. Pike one for thisel'—out o'th' Bible—a fresh un!

Jone.—Will Jezabel do for tho?

Betty.—Nawe; I'll ha' no Jezabels.

Jone.—(I guess thae wouldn't like him to co' it Habbakuk, would-to?

Betty.—Nawe; I wouldn't have a dog co'de sich a name as that!

Jone.—Mun he co' it Pontius Pilate, then?

Betty.—Nawe, he munnot! Doesto want to have it taen up, on summat?

Jone.—(*To the parson.*)—Here, co' it Nicodamus,—an' ha' done wi' it! Hoo'll keep us botherin' o' day!

(The child is christened, and on their way homeward they meet an old neighbour.)

Neighbour.—Well; han yo getten it o'er?

Betty.—Aye.

Neighbour.—What han yo co'ed it?

Betty.—Nico———. What is it, Jone?

Jone.—Nicodamus!

Neighbour.—Why; I thought it had bin a lass!

Betty.—Well; an' so it is.

Neighbour.—Why, whatever han yo bin thinkin' on? Nicodamus is a lad's name!

Betty.—The dule it is! Doesto yer, Jone? Come thi ways back! *It'll ha' to be done o'er again!*

FORESIGHT.

(Two country fellows pass by a plain little chapel, newly-built, in which the lower story is intended for shops.)

Jack.—Tom; what han they built th' chapel that shape for? It looks like a warehouse, nearly.

Tom.—Why; doesn't thae see? They'n built it so that if it turns out that they connot manage to convart th' congregation, *they may be able to convart the chapel.*

DEED OF PARTNERSHIP.

(An old pauper accosts a gentleman who has been friendly to him.)

Pauper.—Mr. Handley; I want to have a word wi' yo.

GENTLEMAN.—Well, Joe; what is it?

PAUPER.—I want yo to lend me a sovereign.

GENTLEMAN.—What for? I thought you'd been i'th workhouse.

PAUPER.—I wur; but I've stown out; an' I want to set up 'ith green grocery line. I can borrow a jackass; an' I know wheer I can buy a bit of a cart for fifteen shillin', an' th' other five would set me gooin' nicely.

GENTLEMAN.—Well, but what security am I to have for my sovereign?

PAUPER.—Well, I'll tell yo what I'll do wi' yo, Mr. Handley,—*yo shall have your name upo' th' cart.* I connot say fairer nor that.

A WORLD TOO WIDE.

(Country fellow, asks a farmer for work.)

C. F.—Mester Roscoe, con yo find me a job? I've our Betty, yon, an' five childer; an' never a stroke o' wark.

FARMER.—Thou may goo an' break yon stones, to mend th' long road wi' if thou's a mind.

C. F.—O'reet!

(At noon, the farmer goes down to see how he is getting on with the stone breaking.)

FARMER.—Here, Sam; thou'rt not makin' these stones little enough! Thou mun make 'em so that thou can get 'em i' thi mouth, mon!

C. F.—Well; see yo! Look here!

(Takes one of the largest pieces, and puts it into his mouth.)

C. F.—*(with the stone in his mouth)*—Will that do for yo?

FARMER.—Hello, Sam! I did'nt know thy mouth wur that size! *We mun have another guage!*

BOTCH WORK.

(The old parson of a moorland village meets one of his parishioners, drunk, and passes him by in silence.)

PARISHIONER.—Now, Mr. Grimshaw! are yo for gooin' by beawt, speakin? It wur yo that convarted me!

OLD PARSON.—Yes; *it looks like one of my jobs.*

OUT OF TUNE.

(In a little country church the clerk gives out the number of the hymn, and the name of the tune it is to be sung to.)

CLERK.—The twenty-fourth hymn. "Burton."

(Chorister rises in the singing-loft and shouts across the congregation to the clerk.)

CHORISTER.—Jerry!

CLERK.—Nea, then!

CHORISTER.—What's th' use o' givin' out "Burton"? Thae knows that Jack's gone to a weddin, an' he's taen th' music books wi' him; an' we connot sing "Burton."

CLERK.—I'd forgetten.

CHORISTER.—I towd tho th' last neet, when we were at Th' Seven Stars!

CLERK.—We'n sing summat else, then.

A LATE LESSON.

(Bedridden old collier, near his end, is visited by a minister of religion.)

MINISTER.—Well, James; you're very ill.

COLLIER.—I know that.

MINISTER.—Your time is getting short in this world, now.

COLLIER.—I'm done for, I believe.

MINISTER.—Do you never think seriously about the matter?

COLLIER.—Sometimes.

MINISTER.—Are you prepared for another world?

COLLIER.—Aye,—for aught I know.

MINISTER.—Do you ever read your Bible?

COLLIER.—I connot read.

MINISTER.—Do you never pray to your Maker?

COLLIER.—Who dun yo meeon?

MINISTER.—Don't you know who made you?

COLLIER.—I don't know that I do.

MINISTER.—I'm sorry to see you in such a fearful state of ignorance. I've no doubt that even this child knows that.—*(To the child.)*—Who made you, my boy?

CHILD.—God.

MINISTER.—There, you see!

COLLIER.—Aye, aye,—I'd forgotten. But then, *he're nobbut made tother day; an' I'm eighty years owd!*

DRAWING AWAY.

(Old man, near his end, calls his son to his bed side.)

OLD MAN.—Jack!

JACK.—Well, feyther; what can I do for yo?

OLD MAN.—I'm nearly done, lad. Read summat for me.

JACK.—There is nought i' th' house, feyther, nobbut owd Moore's almanac.

OLD MAN.—Well; read a bit o' that, then.

GEMS FROM THE COURT CIRCULAR.

Either our fashionable contemporary's information is, to put it mildly, unhistorical, or the arrangements made for visitors upon Royalty are queer, both as regards hospitality and religious instruction. This journal informed us that Viscount Castlerosse, the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, and Mr. Helps had arrived on a visit at Balmoral; also that Lord Castlerosse and the Lord Justice Clerk had dined at the royal table, but there is no mention of what had become of poor Mr. Helps. Did he dine with the servants and other "helps," as our American cousins call them, or was he obliged to box Harry, and be content with a glass of ale and a sandwich at the railway station? So much for their hospitality. Now for the theology. The same veracious authority says that last Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess Louise, attended by ever so many people, "attended" (again) public worship in the parish church, where Dr. Caird preached the sermon from St. James's Gospel i. 26, 27! Did he indeed? The church, it is said, was very full. We had been under the impression that the Bible was full too, that it was "made up," so to speak, some years since; and we had no notion that St. James had published anything new lately. But perhaps this is what is meant by an open Bible. Clearly Dr. Caird ought to be invited to the Committee for revising the Scriptures.

SCOTCHMEN.

An Irishman is mostly vain of his person, an Englishman of his understanding, a Frenchman of his politeness. A Scotchman thanks God for the place of his birth. He is a double existence—he stands for himself and his country. Talk to a Scotchman; if you chance to say it is a high wind, he will say there are high winds in Edinburgh. Begin at the Arctic Circle or the Southern Pole, you are sure to get back to Caledonia before you know where you are. The conversation, in short, is to him impertinent unless it hangs by this loop. It "runs the great circle and is still at home." You would think there was no other place in the world but Scotland, but that they strive to convince you at every turn of its superiority to every other place. Setting his prejudices of country or religion aside, you have no hold of a Scotchman but by his self-interest. If it is to his advantage to stand by you he will do it, otherwise you must e'en shift for yourself. You may trust something to the generosity or magnanimity of an Englishman or an Irishman: a Scotchman uniformly calculates the consequences to himself. Old Dr. Burney called late one morning on Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, and on expressing his surprise at the poet's not having risen sooner, received for an answer, "I had no motive, young man!" A Scotchman acts always from a motive, and Wordsworth must have had him in his mind's eye when he talked of "the nicely calculated less or more."

MR. T. W. ROBERTSON.—In the article on Mr. Robertson in our issue of May 7th, the date of his birth was given as June, 1839. This is a misprint. It should have been June, 1829.

MR. BRIGHT'S LATEST.—An admirer of Mr. Disraeli, speaking of him to Mr. John Bright, said—"You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished. He is a self-made man." "I know he is," replied Mr. Bright, "and what's more, he adores his maker."

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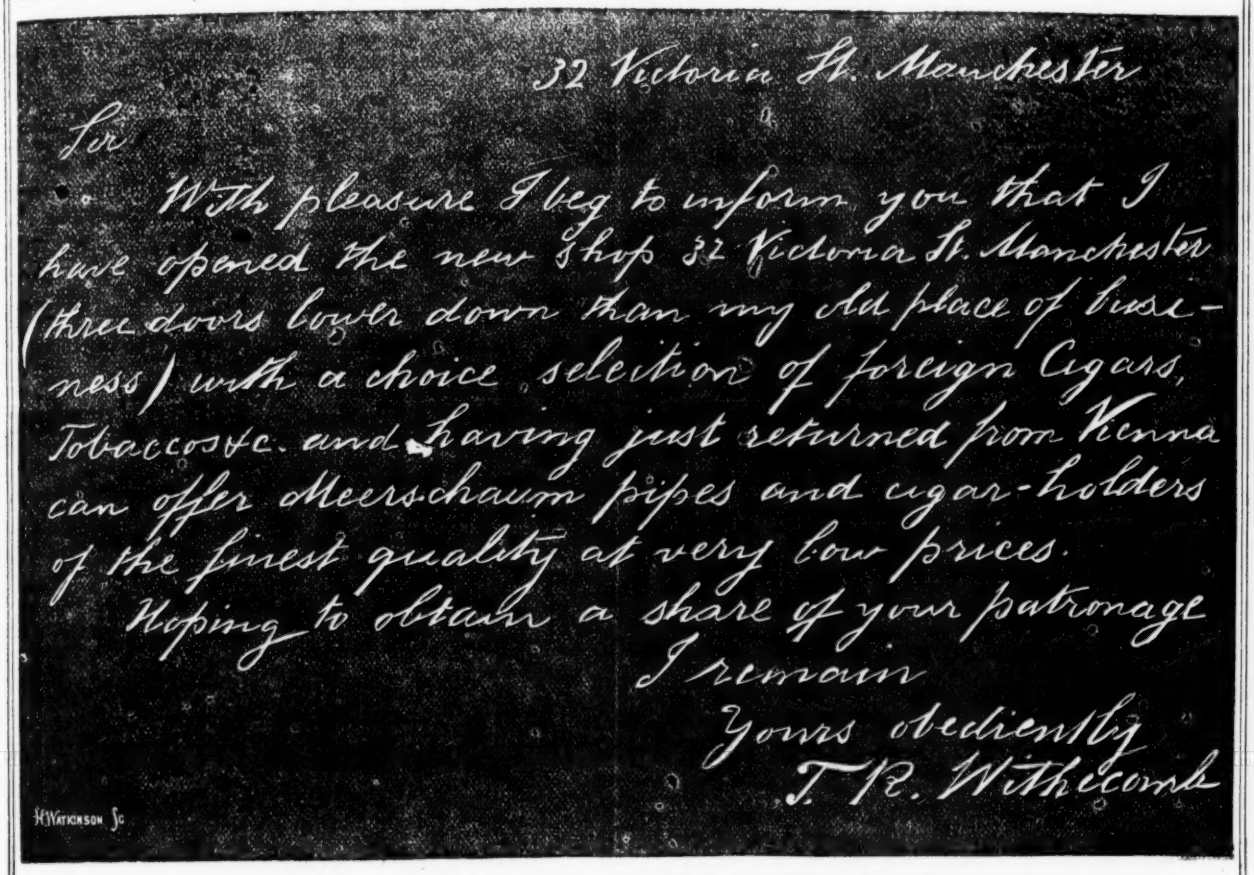
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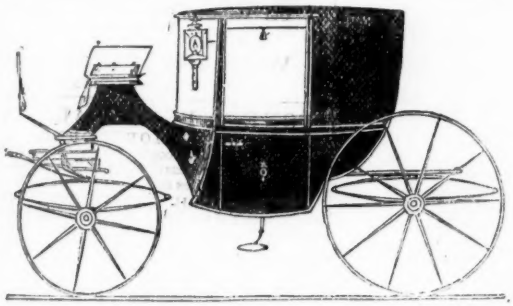

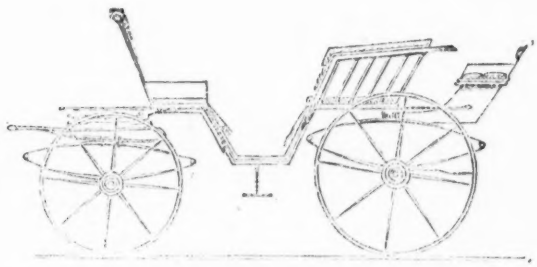

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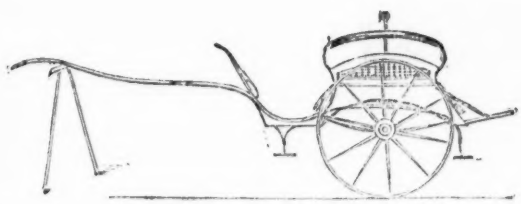

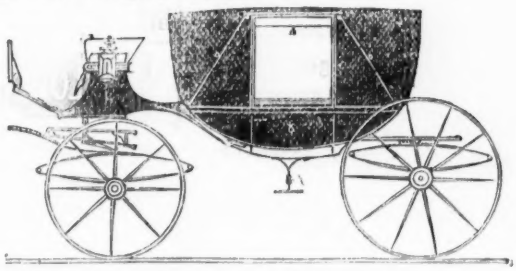

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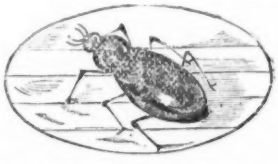

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